

INTERNATIONALS

Apply to
Hongkong, 4th July, 1885. [1233]

POSSESSION. Rent \$30 a month.
A. F. ALVES.
[1233]

NOTICE.

AN EXTRAORDINARY GENERAL
MEETING of the Victoria RECREATION
CLUB will be held on SATURDAY the
11th Instant, at 4.30 p.m. in the Gymnasium,
The Square of the METROPOLITAN is stated in
the notice posted at the CLUB.

J. H. STEWART LOCKHART,
Hon. Secretary.
Hongkong, 4th July, 1885. [1234]

INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION.

Hongkong, 4th July, 1885. [1234
Hon. Secretary.
INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY, LIMITED.
FOR SHANGHAI.
Taking Cargo and Passengers at through rates
for CHEFOO, TIENSIN, NEWCHOW, HAN-
KOW and Ports on the YANGTZE).
INDO-CHINA STEAM NAVIGATION

“FOOKSANG.”
 Captain Hugg, will be despatched as above
 TO-DAY, the 4th inst. at FOUR P.M.
 For Freight or Passage, apply to
JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.
 General Managers.
 Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1939]

DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY,
LIMITED.
FOR AMOY AND TAMSUI.
THE Company's Steamship.
"FOKIEN."

above Ports on TUESDAY, the 7th instant, at
THREE P.M.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
DOUGLAS LAPELLE & Co.
General Managers.
Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [1230]
DOUGLAS STEAMSHIP COMPANY.

FOR SWATOW, AMOY, AND
TAIWANFOO.
THE Company's Steamship
"THALES."
Captain Pocock, will be despatched for the

For Freight or Passage, apply to
DOUGLAS LAPRAIK & Co.,
 General Managers.
 Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [123]
"CASTLE" LINE OF STEAMERS.

THE Steamship
"GORDON CASTLE."
J. Rowell, Commander, will be despatched for
the above Port, on or about the 14th instant.
For Freight or Passage, apply to
ADAMSON, BELL & Co.,

Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. Agents. [9]

CHINA NAVIGATION COMPANY.
LIMITED.
FOR NEW ZEALAND PORTS VIA
FOOCHOW.

“WHAMPOA.”
Captain Williams, will be despatched as above
on FRIDAY, the 24th inst., at FOUR P.M.
This vessel has unusually good Cabin Accom-
modation, situated amidships, upon the upper
deck.

BUTTERFIELD & SWIRE,
Agents.
Hongkong, 3rd July, 1885. [12]

KELLY AND WALSH, LIMITEE
HAVE JUST RECEIVED.
THE REVISED VERSION OF THE HOLY BIBLE

Royal Academy Notes 1885, illustrated.
Grosvener Gallery Notes 1886, illustrated.
Dumas' Paris Salon. 1885, illustrated.
Hutchison on Dog Breaking.
Scott's The Art of Waltzing.
Anecdotes about General Gordon.
The Chinese painted by themselves.

Customs Medical Reports—New issue.
Colquhoun's The Opening of China.
Colquhoun's Burma and the Burmans.
Gaborieau's Sensational Novels—Cheap English Editions.
Stonehenge's British Rural Sports.
Zola's Novels in English—illustrated.

A large quantity of Fancy Stationery.
 Crapo Edged Mourning Stationery.
 Manuscript Books, Note Books and Chit Books
 in great variety.
 Cheap Account Books ruled to any pattern.
 A Fine Assortment of Meerschaum and A

Winnor and Newton's Artists Goods—A N
Stack of Colours, Brushes, Canvas, &c.
Cheap Moist Water Colour Boxes.
KELLY & WALSH, LIMITED.
24] Hongkong.

LIMITED.
 CAPITAL\$200,000.
 IN 4,000 SHARES OF \$50 EACH FULLY PAID UP
 CONSULTING COMMITTEE.
 C. D. BOTTOMLEY, Esq. | E. E. SASSOON, Esq.

APPLICATIONS for a limited number
SHARES in the above Company will
be received at our Office, where the ARTICLES
ASSOCIATION may be inspected, up to NOON
SATURDAY, the 4th July.
RUSSELL & Co..

Hongkong, 27th June, 1885. (1)

THE HONGKONG HAIR DRESSING SALOON,
HONGKONG HOTEL BUILDINGS.

A LADIES' HAIR DRESSING SALOON attached to this Establishment.

ment, and Ladies are respectfully invited
give it a trial. Every satisfaction is guarant
Hongkong, 6th May, 1855.

**CHINA SUGAR REFINING COMPANY
LIMITED.**

DEBENTURE LOAN 1880.

COUPONS for INTEREST raising due
the 30th June, 1885, will be paid on
presentation at the Office of the HONGKONG
SHANGHAI BANKING COOPERATION, Hongkong
on and after that date.

JARDINE, MATHESON & Co.
General Agents.
Hongkong 30th June 1885.

B R O N Z E S .
CHOICE PORCELAIN WARE, DINNER
AND DESSERT SERVICES,
HAND PAINTED TEA and BREAKFAST SETS,
CUMOS, FURNITURE, &c., &c.
CASSUMBOY.

PORTLAND CEMENT
J.B. WHITE & BROS
SOLE AGENTS FOR CHINA.
HOLLIDAY WISE & C
Hongkong, 11th April 1883.

Journal of Interpersonal Violence 26(10)

EXTRACT.

VICTOR HUGO.

(Died 22nd May, 1885.)

The darkness of the night, the gloom of the world—
To whom life's banner is for ever furled—
Has entered into immortality.

Oh, great heart! Oh, soldier of a pen!
That gave us wisdom, bitterness, and truth,
That comforted and cheered the care of youth,
We miss thee now from out the haunts of men.

The noble heart that laboured for the poor,
That fought against oppression and death,
That loved its country well, has ceased to beat,
And we shall never know its goodness more.

How low these broad, tempestuous France, and more
For one who was the best of all my race—
And thou hast given birth to noble sons,
But none so great and good as thou wast born.

For thee his fingers worked, and his brave heart
Strive for thy freedom in the hour of strife;
For thee he lay, for thee he laid his life,
And played when all was dark, the hero's part.

What has he suffered? Ah! no pen can tell
How great the pain, how great the pain;
It was not always joy that gave him life,
The glorious man that thou art, fell.

The world will miss his voice, and infant feet
That clanked on his knee will miss his face;
For thee, though poor and little, held his place
In that great heart that never more shall beat.

Sleep, Prince of Song, and with thy mother France
We will touch hands, in the place of grief,
And weep for one who nation called as chief
In aid of Song, Humanity, Romance!

HERBERT H. ADAMS, in Public Opinion.

A SANDSTORM IN N.W. MEXICO.
We had scarcely finished our repast when
Baptismal Joe, who had been off on a fruit-
less search for water, reappeared at the
door with an anxious expression on his
kindly countenance. "I don't like to hurry
you," he said, "but it looks like there were
going to be a sandstorm, and I'm afraid the
ladies won't like it. Perhaps we had better
be getting back to Espanola." Hurrying
up, we could see no reason for anxiety.

The air was still as death, and the sun shone
a puff of wind nor a rag of cloud in the
whole horizon. I observed, however, that
the sky had undergone a curious change.
There was no diminution of the blazing sun-
light, but the deep blue had been superseded
by a strange white glare that was nearly
blinding, and the heat had increased rather
than diminished. We added hastily, and
were soon threading our way through the
breathless labyrinth of sandhills and out on to
the broad mesa again. We had not gone more
than a mile or two in the direction of
Espanola when Joe, who had been glancing
about in all directions, suddenly remarked:

"There it comes!" and jumping off his
horse, commenced trying to get behind an
adjacent heap of large boulders. We started
in the direction he pointed, but could discover
nothing save the white sky, the hills, and the
sandy plains. As we looked, however, we
gradually became aware that far down the
valley two or three of the hills had entirely
disappeared, and stranger still, that more of
them were being eaten up under our very
eyes.

A little brownish-black cloud, no
bigger than one's hand, was the monster
that was thus devouring the landscape. We
hastily secured the animals in the shelter of
the rocks, and came back to look. The cloud
had already spread quite across the plain
and valley, and was approaching with frightful
rapidity. It was not more than five miles
away. It swept along towards us, with
constant accelerating speed, a bell-shaped,
portentous black wall of dust, that sent up a
flying fingers up to the zenith. Mile after
mile of mesa, and hill, disappeared in its
vast maw, until there was only one rise left.

This was swallowed up, and then, almost
before we could seek shelter, the storm was
upon us with a shriek and a blast like the
onrush of a cannon. It poured through my
half-closed lids, and could not see a single
thing was obscured. I peered through my
half-closed lids, and could not see a single
thing was obscured. I peered through my
half-closed lids, and could not see a single
thing was obscured.

I could barely distinguish those nearest me
through this strange mist. The worst of it
lasted for about half an hour, I should
think, but the air was still full of dust when
we arrived home about two hours later.

Such is a New Mexican sandstorm. We
found our household goods covered with
a coat of dust half an inch to an inch of
impenetrable powder. We were in a
trouble every crack and cranny. Nothing
had escaped. Sugar was a wreck, salt a
ruin, and bedding a sight to make one weep.

Most of the men of Espanola spent the remainder
of that day wandering about in the open air;
whatever shelter temper had existed in
their good houses was suddenly and suddenly
developed to its full extent. Late in the
afternoon the weather cleared up, and
that evening there was a wonderful sun-
set. The western sky was a canvas of
magnificent and impossible colour, and the
east was filled with a rosy splendour, that
did not away from the snow-tipped sum-
mits of the range until long after the stars
were out. — *Espanola and its Environs*, in
Harper's New Monthly Magazine.

THE DART.

Between the mouth of the Dart and the
granite moorland where the east Dart and
west flow, the river passes through three
well-marked phases. From its source to the
neighbourhood of Staverton it glides or
flows over granite boulders among the bare
hills, or runs in deep, wooded gorges, below
this point to Totnes Bridge it is a brief
pastoral existence until it meets with tidal
influences, when it contracts and expands
between a continuous succession of high
rounded hills till it reaches the sea. A little
above Dartmouth on the hills eastward is
Greenway, or, as it is called, Dorsetian speech,
Greenway, the birthplace of that high and
daring spirit, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, who
"to his great charge and hazard, being but
a younger brother," fitted out those expedi-
tions to America that founded the Newfound-
land fisheries. His third and most disastrous
voyage was undertaken in 1583, under the
auspices of the newly formed Muscovy Com-
pany, who, after having sailed up the St.
Lawrence, he encountered a terrible storm,
which left him with two vessels only, the
Golden Hind of forty tons and the *Squirrel*
of ten. In the smaller ship, as Prince says
in his "Worthies of Devon," "the general,
notwithstanding many persuasions to the
contrary, must needs go himself." Voyaging
homeward both crews were dismayed by a
dreadful apparition on the water, like a row-
ing lion, whose appalling voice proceeded
from the more cultivated left. A few yards
beyond that haven is a very lonely and
beautiful recess in the stream backed by a
distant quarry, finely contorted and exceed-
ingly rich in colour and deep in tone, with
some far-crowned heights beyond—the whole
quite lost to the river-voyager. Hence the
stream after its wooded hills whose base
is formed of rocks pebbles in tone, rich
with kiesel, feldspar, and quartz, with ash
and oak of singular form rooted among

them. Opposite the thatched roofs and gray
church towers of Dartmouth the margin of
the stream, though still wooded, changes its
character; occasional white are seen leading
to deep green, some of the water is intro-
duced from the country. The rocks become more
laminated, a rich plum-colour above, pale
green below the water-line, and upon the
oily flats, if low water, gulls and herons are
busy, or a solitary cormorant is fishing in
mid-stream. The sinuous course of the
stream, its ever-varying width and volume,
the continuous succession of hills on both
sides, give varied beauty and admirable
effects of contrast as Totnes is neared. The
woods of Sharpsham, on the left bank, are
familiar to every tourist in Devonshire.
The great semicircle of these wooded hills
is remarkable for the dense sombre mass of
foliage and the extreme regularity of its out-
line, which looks as if the gardener's shears,
and Nature had clipped the lofty woods.
From the hills a little above Sharpsham the
course of the river to Totnes, with a distant
view of that town on the hillside overlooking
the stream, and the distant ridge of Dart-
moor, form a rich and verdant picture.
The first sight of Totnes is one of the most
striking scenes on the river, at the end of a
long reach the lofty tower of the church rises
in the valley, backed by the blue distance of
the moor. Nothing more is visible until the
island below the bridge is reached. There is
no scattered and dismal faggle of green
modern villas, no invasion of the green hills
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